



MAMMA—I DON'T LIKE YOUR STAYING INDOORS LIKE THIS, BOBBIE. HAVEN'T YOU ANY LITTLE FRIEND YOU CAN GO OUT AND PLAY WITH? BOBBIE—WELL, I HAVE ONE, MUMMIE. BUT I HATE HIM!—(Punch)

A RAILROAD ACCIDENT BET.

WHY THE DRUMMER STOOD TO WIN, BUT NOT TO LOSE.

From The New-Orleans Times-Democrat. "Speaking of railroad accidents," said a veteran commercial traveller at the Cosmopolitan yesterday. "I am reminded of a curious experience, and incidentally of the most incorrigible gambler I ever met in my life. I was going West over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe some years ago, and one of my fellow passengers in the Pullman was a racehorse man from Louisville. He was an interesting fellow and a good story teller, but his conversation was marred by his habit of leading every thing up to a proposition to make a wager. Every statement he made was clinched by an offer to back it with money, and finally the thing became rather tiresome, and I made some excuse for avoiding his society. "Our sections in the sleeper happened to be directly opposite, and that night we were sitting on the edge of our respective lower berths preparing to retire, when all of a sudden the whole car was shaken by a series of swift and heavy concussions. We both realized instantly what had happened. The train had jumped the track and was at that moment bumping its way over the ties, preliminary to heaven only knew what kind of a plunge. We were at that time in a part of Kansas that is full of ravines and gullies, and short bridges are of frequent occurrence. That disquieting fact flashed into our minds simultaneously. "Bet y' a hundred we're on a trestle!" yelled the Louisville man, above the pounding of the wheels. "Take y'!" I yelled back, and with that the coach gave a sickening lurch and rolled completely over. When I extricated myself from a broken window I found we had stopped on level ground, and while everybody was more or less cut and bruised, no one was killed. I encountered my Kentucky friend wandering about the wreck, and he promptly handed me a hundred-dollar bill. "What made you take me up so quick?" he asked. "Because if we had been on a trestle we would all have been killed," I replied, "and you couldn't have collected the bet. I stood to win, but not to lose." "That's so," he said, regretfully. "Next time this happens I'll take the other end."

TOUGH DESERT DIET.

From The Detroit Journal. The Khalifa rent his garments. "The lion's teeth are drawn at last!" he wailed, in poetic reference to the late defeat of his arms at the hands of the Anglo-Saxon. "But the Court jester remained quite buoyant. "Yes, the lion will have to gum Arabic from now on," observed this functionary. Hereupon there was much gaiety in the royal tent, and adversity was for the nonce forgotten.

MISS U. S. OUTWITS THE SULTAN.

Constantinople letter in The Chicago Record. The other day a pretty American girl, smartly dressed and smart enough to boot, arrived in Constantinople on board the Auguste Victoria. She had not been long in the city before she did that for which many a dutiful subject of the Sublime Porte has lost his head in times not far past. Like other visitors she went to see the Sultan go to worship in the Mosque one Friday. Finding that from her carriage she could obtain but a poor glimpse of the procession, she promptly climbed a tree, and thence obtained an excellent view of the proceedings. Her camera came into use, and the result was an excellent set of views of the Mosque and the Sultan riding up to the great door. She was immediately spotted by a policeman on the lookout for such deadly weapons as cameras. He immediately ordered her down, explaining that tree climbing and cameras are "yassak." As this dread word seemed to have no effect on the young lady the policeman tried to explain, and the crowd tried to help him. In the middle of the dispute the Sultan rode up along with his brilliant staff and five thousand picked soldiers. After fruitless expostulation the glittering monarch and his discomfited soldiers rode away, swearing by the prophet that the American girl must be an emissary of Eblis. It is not often that the Sultan is thwarted in this manner.

A STORY OF SENATOR CULBERSON.

Washington letter in The Chicago Journal. They tell a story of Senator Culberson to show what kind of a young man he is. It was while the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prizefight was in the way to be pulled off and the managers were cavorting around the country to find some suitable place.

Governor Culberson was determined that it should not occur in Texas, and he called out the Texas Rangers, a military organization of the State under the Governor's personal command, and told them so. "You may encounter resistance," he said, "but bear in mind what I say. Don't under any circumstances injure any of the spectators, but make sure you kill the principals in the fight." The orders were made public, and the scrappers withdrew from Texas.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

From Lippincott's Magazine. We telephoned to the intelligence office for a cook. As Annie was the only name given on her card from the office, we inquired her surname. "Annie," I said, "what is the rest of your name?" "That is it," was the reply. "Yes," I continued, "I know your name is Annie, but Annie what?" "That is it, I tell you, missus," she said with a broad smile. "You have two names surely," I insisted, "a first name and a second name. Now what is your second name?" "Oh, missus," she exclaimed with some impatience, "I tell you that is it." With rising displeasure, thinking she was trifling, I said very decidedly, "Your name is Annie what?" "Oh," she cried enthusiastically, "I am so glad you know! I think you will never know. Yes, that is it!" For a while I sat in silent despair, the girl eying me with a rueful countenance. Finally a happy thought struck me. "Annie," I said very mildly, "what is your father's name?" "Michael," was the doleful reply. "Michael what?" I almost gasped, feeling that I was suddenly becoming a parrot. "But, like the eternal 'Nevermore' of Poe's 'Raven,' came the echo, 'That is it!'" A sudden illumination! Perhaps mine is the dull brain. "What do you put on your father's letters?" I next interrogated. "That is what I must put on or he would not get them," was the sobbing response. Unwilling to give up after such a trial of patience on both sides, I asked gently, "How do you spell it?" Slowly came the solution of the enigma—"W-a-c-h-t."

MOLLIFIED.

From The Missouri Excelsior. The head of the household was late getting home. He was very late. It was long past midnight. Indeed, the little clock on the hall mantel had just struck 3 o'clock when he came walking in. He had been out with the boys, and his wife reproached him. "Why, it's early yet. It's not late." Just then the clock sounded one, two, three. The wife looked at him with grim rebuke. He caught her eye and jerked out this reply: "Well, now, if you want to believe that darned dollar-and-a-half clock before your dear husband, it's all right." It was a similar occasion, only more so. At this time he was a little drunker than usual. His step was unsteady, but he had not lost his courteous manners. She met him at the front, weeping reproachfully. "Oh, John," she pleaded, "what makes you do this way?" "You are hic—so awfully pretty—hic," he said, making an extravagant bow and kissing her, "that I like to—hic—to see you double." And she put him tenderly to bed, bathed his forehead the next morning and forgot about the scolding she had fully determined to administer to him.

VON MOLTKE'S COOL SELECTION.

From Collier's Weekly. The late Prince Bismarck was not given to the telling of stories, but once, at a banquet in Berlin, he told one of General Moltke, who was dining at the same table. "Do you remember, General," he said, turning to the great strategist, "the last time you accepted a cigar from me?" Moltke could not recall the occasion. "Well," rejoined Bismarck, "I myself shall never forget the circumstances. It was on the day of Koniggratz, during the anxious time when the battle stood still and we could neither go backward nor forward—when one aide-de-camp after another galloped off without ever returning, and we could get no news of the Crown Prince's coming. I was frightfully uneasy, and my eyes wandered around in search of you. I saw you standing not far off. You were gazing on the course of the battle with a look of the most serene indifference, and the stump of a cigar in your

mouth. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'if Moltke can go on smoking so calmly as that it can't be so very bad with us after all.' So, riding up, I offered you my case, which contained two cigars, a good one and a bad one. With the unerring glance of a true commander you selected the good one. I smoked the other one myself after the battle, and I never enjoyed a smoke better in my life."

THE TERROR FROM KALAMAZOO.

From The Denver Post. He lit in the camp with a booze scented whoop, like a besom of withering wrath, And swore he would wipe from the face of the earth any rooster that crowed in his path; He cursed till the air that hung over the bar with the heat of his language was blue; His name was Wild Dick, an' it fit him, for he was a terror from Kalamazoo. A pair of six shooters t'd ballast a ship were hung from a belt at his waist; The terrors of neighboring Michigan towns in premature graves he had placed; But price marks were written in ink on his guns—they both were untarnished and new. And we knew that our camp was the first stand he'd played since starting from Kalamazoo. He shot at the bottles that stood on the bar, but missed, and then, eager for gore, Cut loose at short range on old Tamarack Joe, and hit a spittoon on the floor; His guns for a minute he noisily worked, the bullets most recklessly flew, But nothing was hit that would leak any blood for the terror from Kalamazoo. He'd kill the first man that declined to indulge, and the boys quite obligingly drank— 'Twas seldom they struck such a dead easy guy with money to burn in his flank; They patted him off on the full of the back and called him a daisy cuckoo, And every such joshing would jolly a drink from the terror from Kalamazoo. Yank Sullivan started the ball on a dance 'round the fast whirling wheel of roulette, And bantered Wild Richard in sociable way to favor the game with a bet, And half an hour later in searching his clothes, he failed to discover a sou, And kind hearted Sullivan purchased a drink for the terror from Kalamazoo. We filled all his pockets with second hand grub to chew on his way to the States, For Richard was not in position to ride at regular passenger rates, And down in the gathering gloom of the yards we bade him a tender adieu, As he climbed on the trucks of an emigrant car and started for Kalamazoo.

"ALL THE COMFORTS," ETC.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S DIFFICULTY WITH THE HOTEL HOT WATER BUTTON.

From The Lewiston Journal. This is a tale of pressing the button. Blaine Viles, of Skowhegan, tells it to me. I don't know where he got the facts, Couldn't have been in Skowhegan, of course. But, wherever it was, a couple from the country came to the hotel of which the tale is told. Of course, this may have happened in "Bob" Halnes' hotel in Skowhegan. But I doubt it, for "Bob" has told me many times that it is a liberal education for man, woman or child to stop in his hotel five minutes. Rural parties in question asked to be shown to a room. Boy escorted them up. Left them standing in the centre of the room looking around. Over the electric push button, of course, was the usual card directing a guest to ring once for ice water, twice for hot water, etc. It is evident that the first business of the new arrivals was to study the card. In about five minutes the bell on the annunciator in the office commenced to ring—prin-n-ng, prin-n-ng, prin-n-ng, prin-n-ng—giving the hot water call over and over. The number shown was the number of the room occupied by the rural parties. The boy rushed into the washroom and drew a pitcher of hot water. Still the bell kept sounding steadily, two rings in quick succession. "Git a move on!" shouted the clerk to the boy. "Them parties in slumteen must be considerably fussed up on the hot water question. They must have cold feet." The boy was already half way upstairs, running like a deer. The bell still kept ringing. The clerk, crazed by the noise of the bell, stood up in a chair, saying things in rapid succession, and held his hand on the gong, dulling its sound. The boy tore into the room with his pitcher of hot water slopping. The new arrivals, man and wife, were standing before the electric button. Their eyes were on the card. The man held a bowl carefully under the button, with his head turned away, so that the hot water wouldn't squirt in his eyes, and the woman was pressing the button with regular stroke. They were doing their best to get hot water strictly according to directions. "Here, stop that!" yelled the boy to the woman. "Here's your hot water." The man with the bowl lowered that article and looked at the boy. "What?" says he—the man from the rural districts—"D'ye have to bring it in a pitcher in the old fashioned way? Wal, I s'um! What's the trouble with yer waterworks here? I've been pressin' this button accordin' to the rules here on the card, and there ain't workin' a darned drop of hot water com' out yit. When things ain't workin' ye ought to hang up a sign sayin' 'Out of Order.' That's the way they do on the weighin' machine up to Sile Cobb's grocery store." And when the bellboy came out of his swoon he told the clerk, and the clerk went gravely upstairs with a tiny visiting card, on which he had written "Not Working."

METHUEN AND THE YOUNG LORD.

From Collier's Weekly. They tell a characteristic story of Lord Methuen. It seems that a "new chum" had joined his irregular horse. A younger son of a noble family, this young fellow had been sent to the colonies to get rid of his wildness, or to increase it, as the case might be. He had not long joined the irregular force before he was sent up to Lord Methuen for some gross breach of discipline. Not knowing before whom he had been taken, the youngster resented the action and said to Lord Methuen: "Do you know who I am? I am Lord —." There was silence for quite a minute, and then came the answer: "Let me introduce myself. Paul Sanford Methuen sentences you to twenty-one days' confinement to barracks for breach of discipline." The younger son of the noble family wore a crest-fallen look for once in his life as he went back.

SENATOR SAWYER'S RETRENCHMENT.

From The Washington Star. The death of ex-Senator Sawyer brings to mind a story told of him by a friend of his in Washington. Sawyer was a very generous giver of charity and of presents, which neither he nor the beneficiary would have cared to denominate charity, though the gifts amounted to much the same. He told his friend one day that he was going to turn over a



He—Of course, ladies are much handsomer than men. She—Naturally. He—No, artificially.—(The King)

new leaf and try to keep his donations down to a limit that would not exceed \$1,000 a month. The months after he had announced this resolution his friend asked how he had made out. "I started out pretty well," he replied, "and I hadn't given an old friend of mine in Wisconsin who had struck hard luck \$10,000 last month I should have kept within the limit."

GENERAL STERNBERG'S TRUST.

THE GOLD THAT HE CARRIED THROUGH THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN NEVER REACHED HOME.

Washington correspondence of The Chicago Record. Surgeon-General Sternberg of the Army says that when he was going into the battle of Bull Run the Irish sergeant-major of his regiment came to him with a big bag of gold coin weighing three or four pounds and said: "Doctor, I know that I'm to be kilt entirely, and I want you to take care of this money an' see that it gets to the old folks at home." There was no time to remonstrate or to make any other arrangement, and dropping the bag into the surgeon's lap the Irishman hurried away to his place at the head of the column. All through the bloody days Dr. Sternberg carried that bag of gold with his surgical instruments, and it was a burden and an embarrassment to him. He tried to give it up, but couldn't find any one willing to accept it, even to share the responsibility, and he carried it away, for the sake of the "ould folks at home." Toward the close of the second day the surgeon was taken prisoner. He lost his surgical instruments and his medicine case, but clung to the gold and making a belt of his necktie and handkerchiefs tied it around his waist next to his skin to prevent its confiscation by his captors. During the hot and weary march that followed the gold pinched his flesh, and his waist became so sore and blistered as to cause him intense suffering, but he was bound that the "ould folks at home" should have the benefit of that money, and by the exercise of great caution and patience managed to get it until he was exchanged with other prisoners and got back to Washington. There he found his regiment in camp, and one of the first men to whom he was lighted to learn that the doctor had saved the money that he got drunk and gambled it all away the first night.

YOU MUST ACCEPT BOTH.

From The Punchbowl. Old Wedd—You can't always choose the lesser of two evils. New Wedd—How so? Old Wedd—Why, take the case of twins.

"HELLO" SERVICE IN SWITZERLAND.

From The New-Orleans Times-Democrat. "I noticed some reference in the paper the other day to the cheapness of telephone service in Switzerland," said a New-Orleans broker, who recently returned from an extended visit there. "I can vouch for the fact that the tolls are low, but the way the exchanges are run is calculated to drive a man to drink. While I was in Berne last fall I desired to 'phone to a friend who was in a small village in the adjoining canton, although forty miles distant. It was told that I would find a public telephone at the postoffice, and with a good deal of difficulty I located the 'bureau,' as they termed it, in a suite of rooms upstairs. A very military looking old gentleman with a white mustache received me and listened politely to my request. It was then about 10 o'clock in the morning, and he then formed me with many apologies that I would have to call again, as the line was only open between 2 and 4 o'clock. I was annoyed, but represented myself on time, and was then put through a course of interrogations that reminded me of an application for life insurance. When I had satisfied the old gentleman that I was a harmless American crank, and that my intentions were most honorable, he called up the village exchange and directed them to send a messenger to the hotel of my friend. Another long wait ensued, when the bell finally rang and the manager had a mysterious confab in monosyllables with the other end of the line. 'I am very sorry,' he said at last, 'but my friend will not be permitted to use the telephone to-day; he has forgotten to bring his passport. That was the last straw, and I—well, I said those picturesque things, lurid things. The old gentleman told me that it was necessary to observe great cautions to prevent the service being used by military spies. I never got to talk with my friend, but learned that the charge would have been four cents for three minutes.'

ALREADY IN TRAINING.

From The Detroit Journal. "Yes," said the pugilist, who was finally off it. "I'm going to be converted and become a teetotalist. You see," he added, with rare wit, "I'm already an ex-pounder."